

Mr. H. H. H.

Digest of the Issue of
September 7, 1926 of Charlotte Mills' Story in
the "Graphic" to be added to the Digest already
distributed.

Mother could always do things to earn money and if we had been alone there never would have been any trouble about earning a living.

Mother went into war work and became Government Inspector in connection with gas mask work. Father worked in the same room.

Mr. Hall gave her a German Bible and other books in German (First Column, Page 6).

Mother got sick and had to go to the hospital with kidney trouble. I was nearly frantic. She was all I had. Nothing serious was said about Mr. Hall then, but I seemed to know in my heart that mother thought a great deal of him and he of her but I never thought much about it one way or the other at that time. (This was January and February of 1922).

A good while after mother came home from the hospital she said something about Mr. Hall sitting on the edge of her bed and looking at her in a way she felt meant something very deep. He did say "You must get well, Eleanor - you must - for my sake". Mother kept working for the church harder than ever.

Nobody at this time thought anything or noticed anything. Mr. Hall used to come to our house quite often but he went to everybody's house. He always visited wherever sickness was or any kind of trouble. (Middle of Column 2, Page 6)

If mother loved Mr. Hall, and I somehow began about that time to feel she did, she kept it entirely to herself. * * * * "If there was gossip I never heard it".

Mother did begin to confide in me a little. * * * * In looking back I remember mother always seemed happier when she came from seeing Mr. Hall

even if it was only a few minutes".

(Note: The foregoing should take us well into the Spring of 1922)

"Although later on I am certain Mrs. Hall suspected the truth, and closed her eyes, she did not do so until perhaps a year or so before my mother and Mr. Hall were killed."

Mrs. Hall was a strange woman but very kind in some ways and mother and I thought her very wonderful, especially mother. She was nice but always formal and distant. She used to send us little presents. I remember how excited we were over some of them.